

FOR SALE

1103—LARGE FARM WITH TIMBER—380 acres on main road 3 1/2 miles from good market town: 35 acres tillage, balance timber and pasture land. There is lumber enough on the farm to pay for it and pay for marketing. Clay loam soil, all machine work; 3000 sugar trees equipped with 100 tin buckets, two boiling rigs and other necessary equipment. Large apple orchard, 200 bushels sold this season. Two barns 30x44 and 30x40, double boarded and both have basements and are in good repair. Large cottage house with ell, nine rooms, sleeping rooms have closets. Good front yard with maple shade. R. F. D. and telephone in house. Spring water runs to buildings in iron pipe. This farm is not up to its capacity, but with good farming can soon be made to keep a large stock. Price \$3500 with \$1000 down. Old age and sickness in family reason for selling. Stock, crops and tools will be sold with the farm at a low price. This property is in Washington county and is only one hour's drive from Montpelier or Waterbury. Just think of buying a farm of 380 acres, with large amount of timber near good markets, at this price.

1104—NEW HOUSE—Located in bustling railroad town near mills, academy, churches and stores. Buildings consist of story-and-half dwelling house, six rooms and bath. Downstairs rooms are hard finish and hardwood floors in kitchen and dining room. Good cellar and shed for wood, city water. House is nicely painted, nearly new and in good repair. Also two new hen houses, 8x12 and 12x12 both clapboarded and painted. Price \$1200. Owner has worked inside for some time and would like to get out on a farm. Have you a moderate priced farm to trade for this desirable village home? If so write us at once.

1105—WORCESTER COUNTY, MASS—48 acres one mile from village, churches, stores, etc., six minutes' walk from railroad station. Land is suitably divided into tillage, pasture and woodland. Tillage is machine worked. Abundance of fruit. Stock barn 30x30, horse barn 30x35. Carriage and implement barn 25x30. These barns are connected, clapboarded and painted; stock barn has silo and basement; two large henhouses that will accommodate 500 hens. Large house with ell, 13 nice large sleeping rooms with closets. The house has nice cellar with granite wall and outside entrance. All of the rooms are heated by hot water furnace. Full equipped bath. These buildings were remodelled a few years ago at a cost of \$9000 and are in good repair. Buildings set back from main road a few rods, nice yard and shade trees, near neighbors. R. F. D. and telephone. This farm is only six miles from the city of Gardner, 10 miles to Fitchburg and 18 miles to Worcester, is near to the best markets, where you can get top notch

MORGAN

George Gray, who has been very sick, is better.

Rev. Anderson of Derby called on friends here Saturday.

H. L. Todd is doing very good work with his new hay press. He is now in Holland.

The Passumpsic Telephone company have finished their work here and are now working in Concord.

Bert Lewis has finished as clerk for C. I. Moore and has gone to Albany Business college, Albany, N. Y.

Fire was discovered in the vestry of the church under the furnace Sunday just in time to save a serious conflagration.

MORGAN CENTER

H. D. Elliott is gaining.

[Seymour Camp, M. W. of A., will have a public installation of officers, Jan. 20 in Woodmen hall. Refreshments will be served.]

Mr. Stowell of North Troy has purchased the Morey sawmill and will soon have it in readiness for custom sawing. Mr. Stowell expects to move into the house now occupied by D. M. Stokes.

Lake Shore grange had a public installation of officers Wednesday, Jan. 3. The work was in charge of Deputy G. W. D. Reed assisted by Mrs. S. E. Gray. After installation there was an entertainment and refreshments.

WESTFIELD

Miss Eva Gilpin of Barton is visiting in town.

prices for everything you have to sell. The house can be filled with summer boarders at good prices. You can make more money on a farm like this than you could on a large dairy farm. Price \$5500. We will take a Vermont farm worth two or three thousand dollars in exchange for this farm.

BARTON REAL ESTATE CO.

Barton, - - - Vermont

Successors to King & Nelson Company

COWS AT AUCTION

Saturday Jan. 13th. 1912.
at 1 o'clock p.m.

At my Farm on River Road, between Orleans and Barton.

I will sell my entire dairy of 23 cows, 15 of said dairy are high grade Holsteins, 5 of the lot are fresh in milk, the balance to freshen soon; 1 Holstein Bull four years old and registered; 1 Chestnut Colt, three years old weight 900, well broken, fearless of cars and autos, an extra nice Colt; 1 Work Horse, weight 1000 lbs. Farmers wanting Cows, now is the time to buy them. They will be sold without any by-bidding, as I have proved at my sales before, every cow driven in the ring will be sold.

H. E. MERRILL
M. M. TAPLIN Auctioneer

The Gillam-English meetings close on Thursday evening.

Lillian Wright has had the Passumpsic telephone installed in her house.

Miss Winnie Ryder of Leominster, Mass., is here to see her mother, who has been ill with bronchitis.

One day recently Elmer Edmunds was stricken with sudden and total deafness in one ear. Accompanied by a physician he went to Boston where he is under observation by a specialist.

On the evening of Dec. 26, the parishioners of Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Barnard gave them a reception at the M. E. parsonage. Cake and coffee was served and a fine time enjoyed. Sixteen dollars was given the pastor and his wife as an expression of respect and esteem. The presentation remarks were by Chaplain M. W. Farman and the response by Mr. Barnard. Several of the Troy parishioners were present.

WESTMORE

Mrs. Cora Willis is in quite poor health.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Calkins were in Newport Friday.

Mrs. Hattie Myers, who has been suffering with tonsillitis, is better.

Wilmer Daniels did not return to Mt. Hermon as stated in last week's issue.

At the annual church meeting held Jan. 3 officers were chosen for the coming year as follows: Mrs. C. H. Atkins, clerk; first deacon, A. E. French; second deacon, Bert Jenness; trustees, Mrs. S. M. Cole, Mrs. W. C. Daniels, Z. P. Berwick; treasurer Mrs. A. E. French; tellers, Mrs. S. M. Cole and M. E. Calkins; organist, Mrs. James Richmond; collector, Hazel Nutting; auditor, M. E. Calkins.

Well Guessed.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "how do they ascertain the measurement of a vessel?" "I guess they measure it with a navy yard," was the unexpected reply.

City Without Pawnbrokers.

Quebec is a city without pawnbrokers, the last pawn shop in that business having died about thirty years ago. Since that time, it is said, no person has applied for a license. The high license fee is held responsible to a considerable extent for this unusual state of affairs.

Natural Curiosity.

On the hills of Abbeville, S. C., was picked up a piece of quartz about the size of a thimble. It contains a small bead that shifts about and appears to be a drop of water.

Want Something to Exercise On.

Somehow or other the women who feel that they were born to command always get married.—Exchange.

NOT THE WORST DISASTER

Miss Thornton Could Overlook the Soiling of Her Silk Dress on This Occasion.

Miss Thornton, dressed with taste and precision, chose her seat in the street car with the air of one who is habitually careful of her apparel. She looked with an instant's satisfaction upon the starched cleanliness of the very little girl beside her, and then turning to the window thought no more of her seatmate until, after a long ride, she became conscious of a moist feeling on her knees.

"Why, what is this?" she asked, with considerable vexation, for it was certainly annoying to discover several large spots on the folds of her cherished silken frock.

The child, who had been dozing, woke with a start and gazed with astonishment at the limp handkerchief she was holding, and had been holding during her little nap, over Miss Thornton's dress.

"O, it's all gone!" she exclaimed with a stifled sob of disappointment. "What is all gone?" demanded Miss Thornton, dabbing her handkerchief ruefully and a little angrily at the discolored silk. "What were you carrying that made such a mess?"

"It was a big and dandy ice cream peach. It was awful good, I know, but I didn't eat even one tiny bite of it at the settlement party, 'cause I wanted to take it home to mother, for she never even seen one like it, and now it's—it's nothing, and nobody'll ever eat it."

The little girl's tone of hopeless regret suddenly made the ruin of a hand some silk gown seem paltry compared with the tremendous loss of an ice cream peach. Miss Thornton took the small, damp hand in hers and said, in her gentlest voice: "I am quite sure dear, that we can find another ice cream peach for your mother, or some thing else—just as big and dandy."—Youth's Companion.

Turkey Thoughts.

H. O. Bleisdel, the world's champion typewriter, was talking to a New York reporter at the Madison Square garden about speed.

"You acquire speed," he said, "only by keeping your mind on it all the time. Your thoughts throughout the year must bear on that one thing as the little boy's thoughts bore on one thing in December."

"The little boy's teacher was giving him a lesson in anatomy. She said: 'Now, suppose we took the head and the trunk from a body, what would be left?'"

"The boy, his thoughts concentrated on the Christmas dinner that was approaching, answered: 'The giblets, ma'am.'"

Love On Ice

By Donald Allen

School district number one in the county of Rose was at the foot of Plum lake, and school district number two was at the head. Plum lake was three miles long. Justice of the Peace Flemming was moderator of number one, and Farmer Davis of the other. The moderator is the chairman of the school board in a country district, and what he says is law.

There was a time when the two schools dwelled together in unity, but now there is war between them. It started with an outside thing that should not have been dragged into the schools at all. One day Farmer Davis met up with the justice in the village and challenged him to a horse trade in the following language:

"Judge, how much boot will you give me between this hoss and your gray mare?"

"You are moderator of school district number one, I believe?" replied the judge in judicial tones.

"Of course."

"And it's your duty to push the cause of education along?"

"It is."

"And yet you say 'hoss' for 'horse'?"

"It is 'hoss.'"

"Any child five years old knows better."

"Look a-here, judge, I'm fifty years old, and I've always said 'hoss' and no one has had the impudence to say that I was wrong. Where do you get your authority?"

"In the dictionary."

"Show me."

Farmer Davis was taken into the office and the word pointed out. It was spelled and pronounced "h-o-r-s-e."

"That's all right," said the farmer. "That probably means a bay horse, but I'm talking about a black hoss. I've been charged with hindering the cause of education. Let's see whether I have or not."

The word couldn't be found, but Farmer Davis owned the only windmill in the township and had the biggest barn, and it was not for him to give up. Other people interfered and one school district became 'hoss' and the other 'horse' district. There had been spelling contests in the winter, and now these were abolished. There had been sleighrides, but they were given up. Both had always hired men teachers, but now Farmer Davis said to the others on the board:

"What we want here is a female teacher, and the best looking one in four counties—one to take the rag right off the bush."

"But she can't lick the big boys," was objected.

"She won't have to. We'll be the licking committee ourselves."

"But a gal can't wade through snow drifts."

"Some of us will drive her to school and back in a sleigh."

"But if they have a young man in the other district and we have a gal in this won't they fall in love?"

"Not by forty ring-tailed coons!" replied the moderator as he smashed his fist down on the desk. "Our gal has got to be told in advance that there's got to be nothing of the sort going on. The minute she falls in love away she goes. We ain't going to run a matrimonial bureau at this end of the lake."

When the winter term came on one school district had Mr. Edward Carston for teacher, and the other had Miss Mary Burton. Mr. Carston was about twenty-four and Miss Burton three years younger. It was agreed on all sides that both had style. When contracted with, both received plain warning as to what would be expected of them. They were to look upon each other as enemies, and if they happened to meet on the highway they were to pass each other with the most supreme indifference.

Mr. Carston was a fine skater. So was Miss Burton. On Saturdays, if the weather permitted, they were on the ice, also, on moonlight nights and after school hours. A line was drawn across the center of Plum lake, each district kept to its half.

One night, when skating alone, Mr. Carston crossed the boundary and went on a scout into the enemy's country. He saw a girl dodge into a little bay. He paused for a moment. Her movements on the steel runners were so graceful that he knew it must be "the gal teacher." They were alone on the lake, but they must not come within ten rods of each other. Mr. Carston went his way, but at daylight next morning he was skating into that bay. The ice there was as smooth as glass. Only one pair of skates had left marks there. After a look around he wrote this message on the ice with the heel of his skate:

"Greeting To You."

That night, after the lake was well clear of skaters, he scouted down to the bay again. His message had been scratched out and another left. It read:

"And The Same To You."

That was the beginning. She had known who left that greeting, and she had answered. They must not cross that line by day or even bow to each other. They must be careful not to be seen at night. The fight was on more bitter than ever. The judge had said of Farmer Davis:

"Think of a moderator who says 'hoss' for 'horse!' Is it any wonder that some of the greatest men in the country are saying that the cause of education is going down hill?"

And Farmer Davis had said of the judge:

"The blamed old jackass is a back-number in education! He hasn't found out yet that it's pronounced 'hoss' to make it easier for the children. It was getting this good-looking gal teacher that gave him the colic."

And Mr. Carston's next message read:

"What A Queer Lot Of Folks!"

And the answer to it was:

"I Should Say!"

And then:

"Let's Resign."

And the answer:

"Can't. I need The Money."

Then came a few days of soft weather when no skating could be indulged in, and no more messages written. During this interval Mr. Carston sounded the judge by saying:

"I hear they have a very thorough teacher in the lady in the other district."

"And I don't hear any such thing!" was the vigorous reply. "I hear she ain't worth her salt, and that she says 'horse' can be called 'hoss' under certain circumstances."

"I doubt if she said that."

"Well, I don't care whether she did or not, Davis has called me a blamed old jackass, and this 'ere quarrel is to keep right on."

And then came freezing weather and Mr. Carston visited the bay and wrote on it's surface:

"I'm Going To Raise A Row!"

And within 24 hours he got the answer:

"What About?"

And he replied:

"So As To Get Introduced To You!"

This was the last message on ice. Mr. Carston got out handbills calling a public meeting in the village, and when he had his crowd assembled he rose up and gave them fits. He showed them the envy, spite and foolishness of the whole thing, and warned them of the evils and when he stopped speaking Farmer Davis and Judge Flemming were shaking hands over the chasm.

A few hours later the farmer was saying to two very modest and retiring individuals:

"Miss Burton this is Mr. Carston, the other teacher. Mighty nice man! Mighty nice gal! Hope to see you skating together."

And they did skate together the rest of the winter, and if the reporter's information is reliable they are skating together yet and a very happy couple they are.

"It may be 'hoss' and it may be 'horse,'" says Farmer Davis when the question comes up, "but I'm getting around it by saying 'animal' in place of either!"

SORRY FOR THE PREACHER

Distinguishing Article of Apparel Evidently Was Unfamiliar to Faithful Servitor.

"If you have taken a degree in divinity at Oxford, you are entitled to wear a red hood."

The speaker was Rev. Ethelbert Reed, the Duluth psychologist. He continued:

"Wearing a red hood myself, I take a natural interest in hood stories. There is one about a man who complained to his bishop that So-and-So, though not of Oxford, was wearing a master's hood."

"And I call it, bishop," said the complainant, bitterly, "wearing a lie on his back."

"Oh, don't use so strong a word as that," said the bishop. "Just call it a false hood."

"Down south," continued Doctor Reed, "my own hood gave rise to an anecdote. I preached one Sunday in a Georgia church, and after the music a southern lady said to her old coachman:

"Well, Jefferson, how did you like Doctor Reed's sermon?"

"Oh, it wuz grand," said the old fellow. "All de same, I feels kinder sorry fo' de doc. I guess he hain't got no women folks to look after him."

"What makes you think that?" asked Jefferson's mistress.

"I noticed, ma'am," said Jefferson, "whenever he turned round in de pulpit dat his coat was split up de back and de red undershirt was a-showin' through."

A Prophecy.

"The bill met with an enormous reception," said Mayor Baehr of Cleveland, discussing a measure that had failed. "Its reception was, in fact, as ominous as that accorded to the Christmas melodrama in the two-night stand."

"A melodrama—Murdered at Christmastide—was to be given for two nights in a small town. The first night there was a fair audience; but when, in act three the senior villain said to the junior: 'Hist! are we alone?' a voice from the gallery growled:

"No, Hamfat, not tonight; but you can bet you'll be tomorrow night."

Always Backward.

A couple of women, well seated on a crowded street car, were loudly engaged in a conversation regarding woman suffrage, to the delight of their fellow passengers. The two were somewhat startled when the car passed the corner at which they wished to alight. They bustled through the standing crowd, continuing their conversation meanwhile. "Well," remarked a man to the conductor, "there's nothing backward about women nowadays."

"Watch 'em get off," said the official. They got off backward!

THE SYNDICATE'S SALE

is on in earnest, many have taken advantage of this great money-saving opportunity. We have had customers from all parts of Orleans County and they have gone away satisfied. If you Mr. Reader are in need of Clothing, Shoes or furnishings you ought to take a day off and come to this sale and save yourself money.

This has been the most successful sale we ever held. We are better known and the quality of the goods is known to be of the best. The prices are surely the lowest ever offered for such dependable goods. Here are a few prices we ask you to look over:

\$4.00 Crossett Patent Shoes \$2.50

\$20.00 Fur Coats \$15.00	\$22.50 Fur Coats \$16.50	\$25.00 Fur Coats \$17.50	\$38.00 Russian Calf, Nutria Collar, Fur Coat \$29.00	\$45.00 Manchurian Dog, Nutria Trimmed, Fur Coat \$35.00
\$6.75 Sheep Lined Coats, Wombat Collars \$5.25	5.75 Sheep Lined Coats \$4.25	3.50 12 in. Leather Tops 2.65	3.00 8 in. Leather Tops \$2.25	2.75 2 buckle heavy Rubbers 2.20

60 MEN'S SUITS, ALL SIZES
were \$12.50 and 15.00

30 MEN'S OVERCOATS
Sized 32 to 44. — Were \$12.50, 15.00 and 16.50

This Sale Price is \$8.00

This Sale Price is \$8.00

Everything goes at sale prices: Sweaters, Underwear, Hats, Caps, Odd Trousers, Flannel Shirts, in fact everything to be found in an up-to-date clothing store.

Everything guaranteed to be as represented or your money cheerfully refunded.

Syndicate Clothing Company

J. W. LAUGHTON, Mgr.

ORLEANS,

VERMONT